

But natheles she thonked Diomedes
Of al his travaile, and his goode chere,
And that him liste his friendship hir to bede;
And she accepteth it in good manere,
And wolde do fayn that is him leef and dere;
And trusten him she wolde, and wel she mighte,
As seyde she, and from hir hors she alighte.

Hir fader hath hir in his armes nome,
And tweyntye tyme he kiste his doughter swete,
And seyde: O dere doughter myn, welcome!
She seyde eek, she was fayn with him to mete,
And stood forth mewet, mildē, and mansuete.
But here I leve hir with hir fader dwelle,
And forth I wol of Troilus yow telle.

To Troye is come this woful Troilus,
In sorwe aboven alle sorwes smerte,
With felon look, and face dispitous.
Tho sodeinly down from his hors he sterte,
And thorough his paleys, with a swollen herte,
To chambre he wente; of nothing took he hede,
Ne noon to him dar speke a word for drede.

And there his sorwes that he spared hadde
He yaf an issue large, and Deeth! he cryde;
And in his throwes frenetyk and madde
He cursed Jove, Appollo, and eek Cupyde,
He cursed Ceres, Bacus, and Cipryde,
His burthe, himself, his fate, and eek nature,
And, save his lady, every creature.

To bedde he goth, and weyleth there and torneth
In furie, as dooth he, Ixion, in helle;
And in this wyse he neigh til day sojorneth.
But tho bigan his herte a lyte unswelle
Thorough teres which that gonnen up to welle;
And pitously he cryde upon Criseyde,
And to himself right thus he spak, and seyde:

Wher is myn owene lady lief and dere,
Wher is hir whyte brest, wher is it, where?
Wher ben hir armes and hir eyen clere,
That yesternight this tyme with me were?
Now may I wepe allone many a tere,
And graspe aboute I may, but in this place,
Save a pilowe, I finde nought tenbrace.

How shal I do? Whan shal she com ayeyn?
I noot, alas! why leet ich hir to go?
As wolde God, ich hadde as tho be sleyn!
O herte myn, Criseyde, O swete fo!
O lady myn, that I love and no mo!
To whom for evermo myn herte I dowe;
See how I deye, ye nil me not rescowe!

Who seeth yow now, my righte lode/sterre?
Who sit right now or stant in your presence?
Who can conforten now your hertes werre?
Now I am gon, whom yeve ye audience?
Who speketh for me right now in myn absence?
Alas, no wight; and that is al my care;
For wel wot I, as yvel as I ye fare.

How shulde I thus ten dayes ful endure,
Whan I the firste night have al this tene?
How shal she doon eek, sorwful creature?
For tendernesse, how shal she this sustene,
Swich wo for me? O pitous, pale, and grene
Shal been your fresshe wommanliche face
For langour, er ye torne unto this place.

And whan he fil in any slomeringes,
Anoon biginne he sholde for to grone,
And dremen of the dredfullest things
That mighte been; as, mete he were allone
In place horrible, makinge ay his mone,
Or meten that he was amonges alle
His enemys, and in hir bondes falle.

And therewithal his body sholde sterte,
And with the sterf al sodeinliche awake,
And swich a tremour fele aboute his herte,
That of the fear his body sholde quake;
And therewithal he sholde a noyse make,
And seme as though he sholde falle depe
From heighe alofte; and than he wolde wepe,

And rewen on himself so pitously,
That wonder was to here his fantasie.
Another tyme he sholde mightily
Conforte himself, and seyn it was folye,
So causeles swich drede for to drye,
And eft biginne his aspre sorwes newe,
That every man mighte on his sorwes rewe.

Who coude telle aright or ful discryve
His wo, his pleynte, his langour, and his pyne?
Nought al the men that han or been onlyve.
Thou, redere, mayst thyself ful wel devyne
That swich a wo my wit can not defyne.
On ydel for to wryte it sholde I swinke,
Whan that my wit is wery it to thinke.

On hevne yet the sterres were sene,
Although ful pale ywaxen was the mone;
And whyten gan the orisonte shene
Al estward, as it woned is to done.
And Phebus with his rosy carte sone
Gan after that to dresse him up to fare,
Whan Troilus hath sent after Pandare.

This Pandare, that of al the day biforn
Ne mighte have comen Troilus to see,
Although he on his heed it hadde ysworn,
For with the king Dryam alday was he,
So that it lay not in his libertee
Nowher to gon, but on the morwe he wente
To Troilus, whan that he for him sente.

For in his herte he coude wel devyne,
That Troilus al night for sorwe wook;
And that he wolde telle him of his pyne,
This knew he wel ynough, withoute book.
For which to chaumbre streight the way he took,
And Troilus tho sobreliche he grette,
And on the bed ful sone he gan him sette.

My Pandarus, quod Troilus, the sorwe
Which that I drye, I may not longe endure.
I trowe I shal not liven til tomorwe;
For whiche I wolde alwey, on aventure,
To thee devyssen of my sepulture
The forme, and of my moeble thou dispoine
Right as thee semeth best is for to done.

But of the fyr and flaumbe funeral
In whiche my body brenne shal to glode,
And of the feste and pleyes palestral
At my vigile, I pray thee take good hede
That al be wel; and offre Mars my stede,
My sword, myn helm, and, leve brother dere,
My sheld to Pallas yef, that shyneth clere.

The poudre in which myn herte ybrend shal torne,
That preye I thee thou take and it conserve
In a vessel, that men clepeth an urne,
Of gold, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitously I sterve,
So yve it hir, and do me this plesauce,
To preye hir kepe it for a remembraunce.

For wel I fele, by my maladye,
And by my dremes now and yore ago,
Al certeinly, that I mot nedes dye.
The owle eek, which that hight Ascapilo,
Hath after me shright alle thise nightes two.
And, god Mercurie! of me now, woful wrecche,
The soule gyde, and, whan thee list, it fecche!

Pandare answerde, and seyde: Troilus,
My dere frend, as I have told thee yore,
That it is folye for to sorwen thus,
And causeles, for whiche I can no more.
But whoso wol not trowen reed ne lore,
I can not seen in him no remedye,
But lete him worthen with his fantasie.

But Troilus, I pray thee tel me now,
If that thou trowe, er this, that any wight
Hath loved paramours as wel as thou?
Ye, God wot, and fro many a worthy knight
Hath his lady goon a fourtenight,
And he not yet made halvendel the fare.
What nede is thee to maken al this care?

Sin day by day thou mayst thyselfen see
That from his love, or elles from his wyf,
A man mot twinnen of necessitee,
Ye, though he love hir as his owene lyf;
Yet nil he with himself thus maken stryf.
For wel thou wost, my leve brother dere,
That alwey frendes may nought been yfere.

How doon this folk that seen hir loves wedded
By frendes might, as it bitit ful ofte,
And seen hem in hir spouses bed ybedded?
God woot, they take it wysly, faire and softe.
For why good hope halt up hir herte onlofte,
And for they can a tyme of sorwe endure;
As tyme hem hurt, a tyme doth hem cure.

So sholdestow endure, and late slyde
The tyme, and fonde to ben glad and light.
Ten dayes nis so longe not tabyde.
And sin she thee to comen hath bihight,
She nil hir bestes breken for no wight.
For dred thee not that she nil finden weye
To come ayein, my lyf that dorste I leye.

Thy swevenes eek and al swich fantasie
Dryf out, and lat hem faren to mischaunce;
For they procede of thy malencolye,
That doth thee fele in sleep al this penaunce.
A straw for alle swevenes signifaunce!
God helpe me so, I counte hem not a bene,
Ther woot no man aright what dremes mene.

For prestes of the temple tellen this,
That dremes been the revelaciouns
Of goddes, and as wel they telle, ywis,
That they ben infernals illusiouns;
And leches seyn, that of complexiouns
Proceden they, or fast, or glotonye.
Who woot in sooth thus what they signifye?

Eek othere seyn that thorough impressiouns,
As if a wight hath faste a thing in minde,
That therof cometh swiche avisouns;
And othere seyn, as they in bokes finde,
That, after tymes of the yer by kinde,
Men dreme, and that theeffect goth by the mone;
But leve no drem, for it is nought to done.

Wel worth of dremes ay thise olde wyves,
And troweliche eek augurie of thise foules;
For fere of which men wenen lese her lyves,
As ravenes qualm, or shryking of thise oules.
To trowen on it bothe fals and foul is.
Alas, alas, so noble a creature
As is a man, shal drede swich ordure!

For which with al myn herte I thee beseche,
Unto thyself that al this thou foryive;
And rys up now withoute more speche,
And lat us caste how forth may best be drive
This tyme, and eek how freshly we may live
Whan that she cometh, the which shal be right sone;
God help me so, the beste is thus to done.

Rys, lat us speke of lusty lyf in Troye
That we han lad, and forth the tyme dryve;
And eek of tyme cominge us rejoye,
That bringen shal our blisse now so blyve;
And langour of these twyes dayes fyve
We shal therewith so foryete or oppresse,
That wel unnethe it doon shal us duresse.

This toun is ful of lordes al aboute,
And trewes lasten al this mene whyle.
Go we and pleye us in som lusty route
To Sarpedon, not hennes but a myle.
And thus thou shalt the tyme wel bigyle,
And dryve it forth unto that blisful morwe,
That thou hir see, that cause is of thy sorwe.